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mortification and is often marked by hallucinations of various sorts as well as by catalepsy and sometimes epileptic attacks. This first stage, with these phenomena, is, by the great mystics, looked upon only as preliminary and as untrustworthy in itself. They say that their visions cannot be trusted, except as they lead to greater efficiency, for visions may be from the devil as well as from God; which, to modern psychology, means that nervous tendencies with a vivid imagination may lead either to a poem, an invention or to crime. But in the third stage, in which the presence of God is constantly felt, the mystic cannot doubt the divine presence because he judges it by its works, its effects upon all his daily activity. He feels within himself a power directing every thought and movement, doing tasks beyond his previous powers, giving wider scope and force to his mind, depth to his affections, and energy to his will. It acts like an external force, and he never questions that it is external and divine.

Why does the mystic have such an experience? Various factors unite, in the opinion of M. Delacroix. At the basis of it lies an unusually rich subconscious self, and along with it, a tendency to lose the conscious self in intuition. These are essential for the internal experiences. In addition must be included the somewhat abnormal life led by the great mystics, usually celibate, with fasting, perhaps scourging, and other forms of bodily privation, in some instances with long attacks of illness, or distinct neurotic tendencies. All these make vision and trance easy, and alone would tend to the passive forms of mysticism so common among Orientals. But Christian mysticism in its highest forms advances to the third stage because these mystics have been brought up within the church and have in their subconscious selves a vast fund of Christian tradition towards a life of practical piety. They have usually been faithful children of the church, under the care of a director, or under the influence of church writings, and all the suggestions from these sources have reacted beneficially upon the natural tendencies, to an outcome in which we find a union of contemplation and action which in its value and perfection can best be compared with the highest forms of art. The mystic's life is his work of art, shaped as the artist shapes his statue.

In giving this psychological explanation of mysticism the author by no means intends to discredit it. He rather aims to give a new form of justification to the tendency, emphasizing throughout its beneficial effects upon the person. He studies in great detail the experiences of Saint Theresa, Madame Guyon and Suso, even to the point of over-much repetition when he comes to the summing up; and the history of the controversy between Madam Guyon and the church, with the quarrel of Bossuet and Fenelon, seems aside from the aim of the book. On the whole, however, the book is both an interesting and valuable addition to the psychology of religion.

AMY E. TANNER.

*The Inward Light*, H. FIELDING HALL. The Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1908. pp. 228.

This book is a presentation, largely through symbols and figures of speech, of the teachings of Buddha as found among the Burmese today. The writer says that western writers have failed to understand Buddhism: 1, Because they have assumed that the formal teachings of Buddha are the whole of Buddhism, whereas in addition there really is all the teaching that preceded him and which he only complemented; and 2, they assume that the fundamental conceptions of the universe are the same for the West as for the East, which is not so. Before we can understand what Buddha taught, we must, then, know the underlying conceptions of life of the East, and the social

system upon which he built his teachings. A Westerner fell sick in a Burmese village and was cared for by the monks there. As health came back, for the first time he saw the beauties of nature and the goodness of life, and he asked himself where his life had brought him so far. Whither do life and work lead? What is life? He began to ask the monks and the villagers. He found that they conceived of Life as one great whole, of which all lives are but different manifestations, and this great Life has a Consciousness, a Righteousness and a Knowledge. We call it God, but this word is mixed with ideas of personality and limitation quite foreign to Buddhist thought. The world is the living garment of this Life, and all the forms in it have evolved from lower forms, all obeying their laws, all happy, even in death. The soul, too, of man, has evolved, not bearing a conscious memory, but in its present height and development showing its past righteousness or sin, acquiring 'merit,' ever acquiring greater power, ever widening, until it reaches a perfection that makes it existent without the limitations of matter. Each personality is a beam of the eternal sun, and each is necessary to make the ray of pure white light,—the rays below the spectrum, which make up unconscious life, all those in the spectrum, and those above it—all are needed for the white ray. Love gives the immortality and power of the unconscious life, without which the Soul could not exist, and in so far it is divine. The immortality given by love widens into that of the community, and that into the nation, but always below the nation is the family, and if its truth is not kept, then will the nation die.

There came a famine and many died because, says the West, they were ignorant and thriftless. But the East answers, "you live ever in fear of famine. We would rather suffer famine than fear, for famine is only of to-day, but fear is a part of the soul." The East has ignored the body, in its submission to fate, but the West has ignored the soul in its desire for freedom, and has become the deeper fatalist of the two. All ills pass. Justice underlies all, in this life or another. Be therefore of good cheer. Laugh, for death is but the beginning of a new life. New things are ever ahead for him who follows the Way, and merges the lesser into the greater Life by self-renunciation and self-denial. He who follows this Way finds peace. Each must keep his own truth, that it be not forgotten, but each must also remember that others have their truths to keep, which, too, must not perish from off the earth. Men have their truth to keep, a truth more primitive and stern than women's; and women have their truth, which is best expressed in the truth of Buddhism and of Christianity, and which rests upon the truth of men as the pagoda spire rests upon its foundation.

God, then, is the pure white ray (not a personality, a limited God), but the greatest realization of the Infinite God. To it we cannot pray as to one who may be moved by prayer, but is this the root of prayer? Not so. Our need of prayer comes from our isolation, ignorance, lovelessness. We want the inward light that never dies, for only so can we never be cast aside and forgotten. This is what prayer does—brings our tiny ray of light into the infinite ray, completing us and it in a perfect fellowship. Hell, then, is but the present suffering our present sin entails, and Heaven the everlasting reward of growth to the struggling soul, the greater light, the becoming one with the Infinite Ray. That is Nirvana.

Throughout, the book is a very simple, beautiful, sympathetic presentation of a great religion. It brings out similarities between the Eastern and Western modes of thought that cannot but increase our consciousness of the fundamental unity of all religion.

AMY E. TANNER.